A Duplicate, see Folio 519 Vol 2 519

THE Witty Maid of the VVeſt;

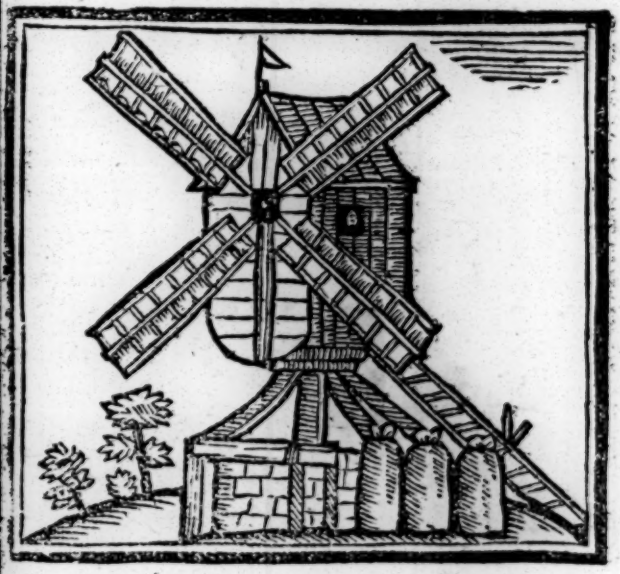
OR,

The *Miller* well thraſh'd by *Robin* the Plowman:

For which Service he received a Sum of Money, which bought a Ring and paid for the Marriage betwixt him and his beloved Nancy.

Tune of, Ladies of London.

This may be Printed, R. P.



William the Miller, who liv'd in the Weſt,
A luſty ſtout Lad, brisk and ayry;
Now if you will but attend to the Jeſt,
I think it will make you all merry:
There was a Laſs that uſed his Mill,
Her Name it was pretty fac'd Nancy;
He would be kiſſing and courting her ſtill,
There's no one but ſhe he could fancy.

She was a beautifull Laſs, I declare,
And one that was wonderfull witty;
There is not any with her can compare,
In Country Town or in City:
Nancy ſhe did the Miller beguile,
She knew him a knave by his leering;
Pray now have patience, and liſten a while,
The Story is well worth your hearing.

Often he fain would have been at the ſport,
If Nancy ſhe would but be willing.
And as the Maiden her ſelf did report,
he gave her full twenty good ſhilling;
She ſtraight did plead, the caſe it was thus,
the Laſs was reſolved to cheat him,
The twenty Shillings ſhe put in her purſe,
and ſaid at the Mill ſhe would meet him.

Now for to ſtudy ſome joke ſhe did aim,
that ſhe in her fancy might glory,
Then to her true Love the Plowman ſhe came,
and told him the ſum of the ſtory:
Robin reply'd, my counſel is this,
we won't ſtand diſcourſing and arguing,
I in a Sack will be carryed as Gift,
becauſe you ſhall ſtand to your bargain.

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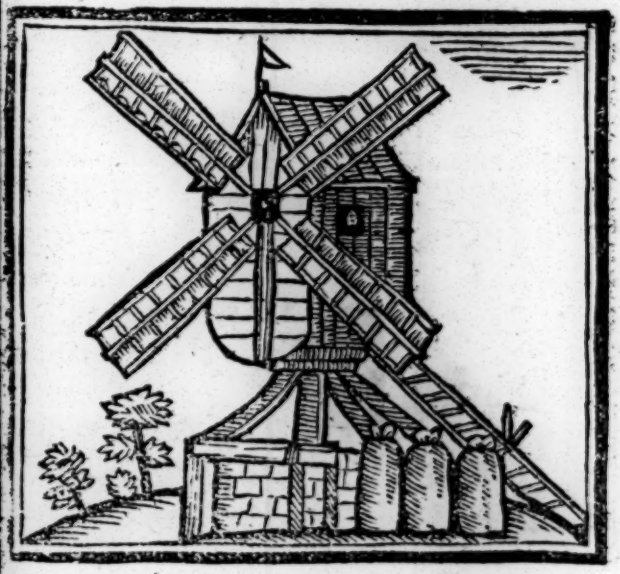

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Maſter and Man did bitterly Roar,
I and for Mercy often did Cry,
But ſhe did Thump and Thraſh them the more,
ſure ſaid the Taylors now we ſhall dye:
No ye Raſcals I'll not kill you,
but am reſolv'd to pay your Arrears,
With that ſhe did bruſe them, and bitterly uſe them
poor Taylors was ne'r ſo lugg'd by the Ears.

Then they got looſe and both run away;
Betty in Wrath did vow and proteſt,
That ſhe would ſend to them the next day,
for the Kings Service they ſhould be Preſt:
Then they were again affrighted,
this did create whole Troops of new fears,
We'l ſend now for pitty to good Miſtris Betty,
for Sea-Fights are worſe then lugg'd by the Ears.

Theſe very Lines the Taylor did ſend,
ſaying, ſweet Betty Pardon us now,
Though it is true, we once did offend,
yet at your feet we'll willingly Bow,
Now this day to beg your Pardon,
that you may put us out of all fears,
We'll never abuſe you, but likewiſe excuſe you,
although you did lugg us both by the Ears.

Now when the Laſs had Pardon'd them both,
how the poor Rogues did Caper amain,
Likewiſe they ty'd themſelves by an Oath,
that they would ne'r offend her again:
Likewiſe gave her a Collation,
ſeeing ſhe thus had banish'd their fears,
They were not unwilling to ſpend twenty Shilling,
although ſhe had lugg'd them both by the Ears.

After the Feaſt he ſaid to his Man,
this has been charges you underſtand,
Therefore take all the care that you can,
Eaſter and Whitſon Tide are at hand:
For to Cabbidge Silks and Sattins,
do not forget to whett up your Shiers:
Dear Maſter ne'r fear it, we'll preſently ſhare it,
and for time to come, take care of our Ears.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare* and *J. Back.*